THALES.

A

MONODY,

Sacred to the MEMORY of

DR. POCOCKE.

Price Six-pence.

THE TABLET

A

MONOD

Sacred to the MEMORY of

Dr. PROCTOR.

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THALES.

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MONODY,

Sacred to the MEMORY of

DR. POCOCKE.

In Imitation of SPENSER.

From an authentic Manuſcript of Mr. EDMUND SMITH, formerly of CHRIST-CHURCH, OXON.

——— ——— ——— ——— *Unhappy* ALBION!
Where wilt thou find, among thy SHEPHERDS *all,*
Any ſo ſage, ſo perfect?———

SPENSER.

LONDON,
Printed for J. NEWBERY, at the *Bible* and *Sun* in St. *Paul's* Church-Yard

BRITISH MUSEUM

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Editor of the following Poem, has ſeveral other very valuable Pieces of Mr. SMITH, in his Poſſeſſion, which he intends ſhortly to communicate to the Public. Our Author ſeems chiefly to have aim'd at the merit of being SPENSERIAN in this performance, and of having copied the air and genius of writing which prevailed in the Days of Queen ELIZABETH; in ſhort, of having dreſs'd his words and thoughts in an *antique* garb. This he has not only very happily ſucceeded in, but likewiſe moſt ſucceſsfully imitated the genuine ſpirit, and true taſte of writing, which ſo eminently diſtinguiſh that golden Age of Poeſy. It will perhaps be needleſs to give the Reader any particular account of the GREAT MAN here celebrated

brated, whom, his peculiar ſkill in the oriental languages, has already made ſo univerſally known. I ſhall only add, that Mr. SMITH has ſhewn himſelf in this Monody to be as great a maſter of SPENSER, as in his *Latin* Ode, entitled POCOCKIUS, of HORACE.

THALES.

II.

THALES.

A

MONODY, &c.

I.

A Comely Dame, in Sorrowe's garments dreſt,
Where Thames's cryſtal waters gently creep,
With her ſoft palme did beat her ivorie breaſt,
And rent her yellow locks; her roſy cheeke
She in a flood of brackiſh teares did ſteep:
RACHEL ſhe ſeem'd, old ISRAEL's beauteous wife,
Mourning her Sonnes, whoſe ſilver cord of life
Was cut by murderous HEROD's fell and bloody knife.

II.

Betwixt her lillie hands, the Virgin held
Two TESTAMENTS; the one defac'd with ruſt,
Vanquiſh'd with time, and overgrown with eld,
All ſpoil'd with careleſs ſpots, all ſoyl'd with duſt;
It ſeem'd the ſame, the which JEHOVAH juſt
With his celeſtial finger did engrave;
And on, the top of ſmoaking Sinai, gave
To Him, whom PHARAOH's Daughter found in watry cave.

III.

The Other ſeeming freſh and fayre, yclad
In velvet covers, filleted with gold;
White bullions, and crimſon ties it had;
The pumiſh'd leaves were ſeemly to behold.
That ſpotleſſe Lambe, which trayterous JUDAS ſold
For price of blood, which ſtreamed from his ſide,
Them guilt, when in Jeruſalem he dy'd,
For to redeeme his Love, his Dove, his Deare, his Bride.

THEOLOGY,

IV.

THEOLOGY, for ſo men call'd the maid,
Upon theſe Volumes caſt her moyſten'd eyes,
And who ſhall now (quoth ſhe) ſince POCOCKE's dead,
Find out the Treaſure, that within you lies
Shadow'd in high and heavenly myſteries?
And who ſhall now (quoth ſhe) to others tell,
When as, the World's great Grandſire ADAM fell,
Baniſh'd from flowery Eden, where he firſt did dwell.

V.

What * meanes that monſtrous man, which Babel's King
Did in a troubl'd ſlumber, once behold,
Like huge GOLIAH, ſlayne by DAVID's ſling,
With dreadful head, and curled locks of gold,
With breaſts, and mighty arms, of ſilver mould?
With his ſwoln belly, and large ſides of braſſe,
With iron legs, with feet of mingled maſſe?
One part compos'd of clay, the other iron was.

* Alluding to ſome of the viſions, and allegories in the Old Teſtament.

VI.

What meanes the Lion, and the Eagles wings?
The ſavage Bear, that in his horrid jaw
Three ribs of ſome devoured carcaſe brings?
The Leopard, which wiſe BELTESHAZZER ſaw
With direful mouth, and mighty-murdering paw?
What means that fearful, hideous, helliſh Beaſt,
With iron teeth, and with his horned creſt?
I theſe, and thouſands more, by POCOCKE were expreſt.

VII.

'Twas He, that branch'd MESSIAH's ſacred ſtem
n curious knots, and chain'd his glorious race
From princely ADAM to the noble SEM;
So down to Him, that had CHONIAH's place,
And from his Sonnes, to MARY full of grace,
A pregnant Maid, a bleſſed virgin Wife,
The Daughter of her Sonne, which gave him Life,
ich did redeem the World, from Sin and Satan's ſtrife.

'Twas

VIII.

'Twas He, that grav'd the names of JACOB's Sonnes
In the two Beryls, upon AARON's breaſt;
In Sardius RUBEN, which as water runs;
SIMEON in Topaz, baſer than the reſt;
LEVI in Emerauld, for Doctrine beſt:
JUDAH in Carbuncle, like Heav'ns eye;
In Saphir ISSACHAR, like th' azure skie,
In Turkis ZEBULON, which near the ſea doth lie.

IX.

DAN in the flowery Hyacinth cut;
In Agate NEPHTHALI; and warlike GAD
In bloody Amethyſt; ASHER is put
In Chryſolite; the Beryl JOSEPH had;
Young BENJAMIN, old JACOB's own ſweet lad,
In Onyx; each within his ſeveral ſtone
Our great BEZALEEL carv'd; who now is gone
To praiſe the Lambe, and Him that ſits upon the Throne.

X.

Nor * did He only turn the ſacred Page
At home, like Pedant pale, in muſing mood;
But with the feeble ſteps of hoary age
All holy Ground, a Pilgrim wiſe and good
Patient he pac'd, and ſaw where dropping blood
Hoar Calvary his diſmal ſummit rears,
Where, Angel meek, pure PIETY appears
Chain'd to the naked rock, waſted and wet with tears.

XI.

Ye ſacred MUSES, that in Shiloah ſwim,
And in celeſtial deawe do dippe your quill,
The which, your PHÆBUS, mighty ELOHIM,
In ſilver-ſtreaming channels doth diſtill
From top of Hermon, and of Sion Hill;
As you, your great CREATOR's praiſe rehearſe,
Ah! lend one broken ſigh, one broken verſe,
One doleful Ode, or Hymne, to deck his ſable herſe.

XII.

And You, poor JEWES, the iſſue of old SEM,
Which did in honie-flowing Canaan dwell,
And ſway'd the ſcepter of Jeruſalem;
Until ſome ſnake-hair'd Furie, ſent from Hell,
Did you inflame with rage, and malice fell,
To put your Life to death; ah! now repent
For murdering your Lord! ah! now lament
His Death, that would have brought you into Japhet's Tent.

XIII.

And ye ſage Men, who covet ADAM's tongue,
Which did remain in HEBER's holy line,
When the aſpiring heaven-ſcaling throng
Above the big-ſwoln clouds did ſeek to climb;
(And is there then ſuch pride in earthly ſlime?)
Do You lament this ſilver-pinion'd ſwan,
As white as Salmon-ſnow, a happy man,
That ſpake like ADAM's ſelfe, the ſpeech of Canaan.

Beſid

XIV.

Beſides the Greeke, plenteous in words and ſenſe,
The Chaldee wiſe, th' Arabian profound;
The Latine, pleaſing with his eloquence;
The braving Spaniſhe, with her lofty ſound;
The Tuſcane grave, with many a laurel crown;
The liſping French, which fits a Lady vain;
The Germane, like the people good and plain,
The Engliſhe, pure and rich, his native countrie's ſtrain.

XV.

Ah ſcoffing Ismaels, do not offer wrong
Unto his quiet Urne; do not defame
The ſilver touch of that harmonious tongue;
Peace dirty mouths, ah! hold your peace for ſhame,
Spue not your gall upon a dead man's name!
But wake, O Weſt-wind, come O South, and blow
With your myrhe-breathing mouth, ſweet odours throw
to the empty aire, from Pococke's tombe below.

XVI.

This ſaid, the Virgin vaniſhed away,
And Heav'n did put his mourning mantle on:
HYPERION's Childe the Father of the Day,
That, with his blazing lad, full brightly ſhone,
Cloathed in Sable his ſtar-gliſtering Throne:
The clouds from their ſwolne eyes ſhed criſtal ſhow'rs,
And all for him who lives in ſilver bowers,
An Hallelujah ſings, with Thrones, and glorious Pow'rs.

FINIS.

XVI.

This said, the Virgin vanished away,
And Henry did put his mourning mantle on;
Hyperion's Childe the Father of the Day,
That, with his blazing lad, full brightly shone,
Cloathed in Sable his far-glittering Throne:
The clouds from their twolne eyes shed crystal flow'rs,
And all for him who lives in silver bowers.
An Hallelujah sings, with Thrones, and glorious Pow'rs.

FINIS.